SHORT STORY EBOOK ,

BEAR-YOTE

CREEPY SOUTHERN TALES OR HORROR

SHORT STORY -

The Vanholt family had planned a simple vacation—nothing fancy, just a week in the mountains to “reconnect,” as the grandparents insisted.

There were eleven of them total.

Grandpa Ellis and Grandma Nora led the trip in their old RV. Their daughter Marla came with her husband Devin and their four kids—Trey (16), Lila (13), Marcus (9), and baby Joelle. Marla’s brother Andre showed up last minute with his girlfriend Keisha, and nobody complained because he brought snacks and a drone.

They drove deep into the Blue Ridge Mountains, where cell service faded and the trees grew so thick the sunlight looked green.

On the third night, everything changed.

The Crash in the Woods

Around midnight, Marcus woke everyone up yelling that “the sky broke.”

At first, they thought it was a meteor shower—bright streaks tearing across the sky like burning glass. Then one of them got *too close*.

A massive object slammed into the forest beyond their campsite, shaking the ground like an earthquake. Trees snapped like toothpicks. The RV alarm blared.

Andre grabbed his drone controller. “We need to see what that is.”

Against better judgment, they followed the glow.

The Object

Half buried in a crater of melted rock and steam was a black, jagged meteor—but it wasn’t just stone.

It pulsed.

Veins of blue light moved inside it like something was alive.

And then it split open.

Not like cracking rock—like a door opening.

Something stepped out.

The First Contact

The “things” were not tall. Not scary in the way movies show.

That was worse.

They were small, almost fragile-looking, with translucent skin like glass. Inside their bodies shimmered shifting shapes—like organs that weren’t fixed. Their heads tilted in unison when they saw the family.

No eyes. Just smooth surfaces that reflected light back like mirrors.

Lila whispered, “They’re… listening with their skin.”

Then the meteor *spoke*, not aloud—but inside their thoughts.

“SURVIVORS… GOOD… HOSTS… REQUIRED…”

Panic in the Pines

Grandpa Ellis shouted for everyone to run.

But the forest was no longer normal.

The trees had started bending inward, slowly forming patterns—circles, corridors, like something was rearranging the woods.

Marcus got separated first. Then Keisha.

Andre tried to fly the drone back for a view—but it turned in midair and flew *into the meteor crater* like it was being called home.

The Truth of the Meteor

Devin was the first to understand.

“It’s not a rock,” he said, breath shaking. “It’s a ship. It’s alive.”

The meteor wasn’t crashed—it was *landing*. Injured. Waking up.

And the beings weren’t invading Earth.

They were *recovering* it.

Using anything nearby as biological material.

The Forest Becomes a Trap

The woods began changing faster.

Vines moved like veins. Trees shifted positions when no one was looking. Paths looped back into themselves.

Baby Joelle stopped crying—not because she calmed down, but because something inside the air had started humming to her.

One by one, the family was guided—not chased—toward the crater.

Like they were being collected.

The Core Chamber

Only six of them reached the meteor site together.

Inside the cracked ship, there was no metal interior—only a glowing organic chamber that breathed softly.

The alien beings stood around a central sphere, which showed images:

Earth. Oceans. Cities. People sleeping.

Watching.

Studying.

Grandma Nora whispered, “They’ve been here before.”

The sphere changed.

Now it showed *other crashes*. Other planets. Other forests.

Hundreds of them.

The Offer

The voice returned.

“WE DO NOT TAKE. WE MERGE.”

The beings weren’t attacking.

They were offering evolution.

A way to survive the planet’s destruction cycles by becoming part of the ship’s collective mind.

Andre shook his head. “That’s not survival. That’s erasure.”

The sphere pulsed brighter.

“OR YOU REMAIN… AND THE FOREST WILL FINISH YOU.”

The Choice

Grandpa Ellis stepped forward first.

Not because he understood it—but because he knew fear when he saw it.

He turned to his family.

“We didn’t come here to disappear,” he said. “We came here together. We leave together.”

Then he grabbed the emergency flare from his pocket and smashed it against the glowing sphere.

The Explosion of Light

The meteor reacted instantly.

The forest screamed—not audibly, but like reality itself bending.

The ship convulsed, splitting open wider as blue light poured out like water.

The trees around them collapsed into ash.

The alien forms dissolved into particles of glowing dust that rose into the sky like reversed rain.

Aftermath

By sunrise, the mountain was quiet again.

The crater remained—but now it looked like ordinary stone.

No ship.

No beings.

Just scorched earth and broken trees.

The Vanholts stood at the edge of the forest, counting each other again and again to make sure.

Eleven people.

Still eleven.

But Marcus kept staring at the treeline.

Because sometimes, when the wind moved just right, the forest looked like it was *listening again*.